WOMEN OF FASHION

Bewildering Maze of Colors and

WHAT THE QUEER NAMES MEAN

The Overskirt's Steady Growth, Some of the Latest Feds.

Joseph's coat of many colors was a tail, uninteresting garment next the abrications of the 1890 modiste. Even the number of the materials which it becammably contained is fully squaled by many a street dress of to-day. This matter of materials and color has become to be a serious problem. In the seginning—not of the world but of the seginning—not of the world but of the season—color held high carnival; all her tays were in the mad whirl tearlet, on a black steed, rode rampant through the center; asure perched laintily on a white more with anount rappings; flaming orange sat propose a beautiful chestnut; deep, repurple looked regal on a glossy habite in the mase of brilliant dance while in the mase of brilliant dancers there were magnets and Russian green, and yellow, and a host of queer, unnamable shades. Society came and looked on for awhile, seemed interestested, and made as though it would put its stamp of approval thereon; when led before one could realize it, when led before one could realize it, when led before one could realize it, society had itself turned its back society had itself turned its back apon them, showing its, disapproval additionally by the sobergarb which it immediately proceeded to adopt. So that all the world was sobered for a time and went about in mourning robes. One saw black everywhere, from stately grandmother to frivolous grand-daughter. That the fair dames hankered after that gay maze of colors, how-

with the tiny jet crowns or the jet or mament or filet that mines the place of toque. To be sure, it will be long be fore magents will be overwhelmed, for it has a glow and brightness about it that the quieter tints lack.

I saw yellow tastefully combined with black in a carriage clock which I cought but a glimpse of as it passed. The black relyet turned back in big revers that were faced with creamy rare old lace. At the edge was a tiny hand of jet over pale yellow roses.

Then a rich brown melted off into the creamy cator. It was a plain skirt with three rolls of veivet running around, several inches above the edge. A next, close-fitting jacket, all of brown velvet, stopped just at the waist, turning away in front from the pale yellow silk that was gathered into long puffs from neck to waist. A very next astrakhan hat, of low crown, topped the costume. It turned up in a quiet edge, which was cut away just in front, where wide satin ribbon braided, was drawn over to meet the a grettes and black ornaments that rose up. Two single black satin choun finished the back.

The overskirt idea is making rapid headway—not so much in street wear

rose up. Two single biack astin chous snished the back.

The oversairt idea is making rapid headway—not so much in street wear as in evening gown. Even in the former, however, it is noticeable—in the alight drape of the skirt that hangs over, almost to the length of the one beneath; in the fassy hip drapings; and in the prolongation of basques into pretty folds and falls. Two coatumes are here reproduced that illustrate admirably some of the newest of the overskirt ventures. Then have grace, a virtue which not all can lay claim to, and they are not to oradical for the average American.

One that I noticed is a black velours over a rich, dark red ground. The skirt is plain, with gathered back, simply edged with a band of brocade. Then over the plain bodice is fitted a second of the same dark brocade, cut round and low at the neck, and edged with black feather trimming. This bedies is cleaned of entirely at the

with black feather trimming. This bodies is alanted off entirely at the left side, and runs round to the back at the right. Beneath the belt, which

A DRESSMAKER'S DILEMMA-A FACT.

Who tries to do her daig and would never dis-obey A plain commandment given in the Scriptures

Now, Uncle Jim, who preaches in the ol

I looked in blank amazonent at my uncle.
Was he mad?
What could be find so awful in a simple shoulder pad?
This year, since fashion willed that ladder shoulder should be high.
We had to pid the dresses—Paris to blame not i.

He took my Rible from the shelf before my weathering eyes And found the thirteenth chapter of Encirly

And "Rayd," said he. "the eighteenth verse-"Thus saith the Lord God, Was. To th' wamen that sew pillows to all arm-holes!" Is it so?"

The words were there as clear as day. "And now," said Unole Jim.
"Just choose between the prophet's curse and fashion's latest whim.
"In you Easkiel had in mind, to you the Lord anth 'Woe!"
If in your dresses from this time another pad you sew."

Thus saying he departed, and I turned the matter over. And after half an hour felt no wiser than be-

fore.
At last I thought I'd venture forth to ease my promised mind
And ask our learned rector, who is always very kind.

I found him in his study, and in liste I thought he laughed a little, though I could not see his face.

And then he opened certain books and certain foot notes read—

"The authorized translation is not quite correct," he said.

—London Speciator.

THE DANCING GIRL.

Old John Hartlepool was dead.

That much was certain. It was evident that he had died from a pistol shot, for there was a bullet wound in his temple, and the doctors found the his temple, and the doctors found the bullet in his brain. A revolver with one empty chamber, which the bullet would have fitted before its shape had been figttened by contact with the old man's skull, was picked up in the court directly under a window of the room where the chambermaid had found the bld gentleman lying dead, when she entered the room with a passkey at 8:30 in the morning. She also found that the window was closed and fastened, and this effectually disposed of the suggestion that the old man had shot himself and thrown the pistol out of the wintion that the old man had shot himself and thrown the pistol out of the win-dow, for while there was an infinitesimal chance that he might have thrown the pistol out after firing the shot into his brain it was absolutely impossible that he could then have closed the window and fastened it. Moreover, the position of the body and the pool of blood beside it showed that he had fallen when shot and never moved again. The most careful search of the room disclosed no weapon of any kind. Suicide was therefore clearly out of the question. It was a case of murder. So at least the police argued, and it must be admitted with a good deal of reason.

Who was the murderer? To aid in a

who was the morderer? To aid in a solution of this question the police reasoned in this way: As the dead man was found in his apartments in the fifth story of the apartment house, where he had lived alone for 15 years, it was evident that the murderer must have had some powerful motive to induce him to take the risk attending such an act, or else he must have been temporarily excited into a frenzy by semething which had passed between him and the deceased. What could the motive have been? It was not robbery, for a roll of notes and a quantity of loose gold lay on the table, just \$1.500, which amount it was quickly learned had been paid the deceased by one of his tenants at 4.30 o'clock the afternoon before his dead body was discovered by the chamber-

No one could suggest that the old man had any enemies. His habit of life was exceedingly simple. The worst that could be said of him was that, though very rich, he was very penuri-ous. He was not a hard creditor, but on the contrary, was inclined to be leni-ent in his collections. He was some-what proud of the fact that his mother was the daughter of an earl's daughter, but the only one who used to consider himself aggrieved by this was his hand-some and high spirited nephew and namesake. So a murder for revenge

namesake. So a murder for revenge seemed out of the question.

Had any one an interest in his death? On this point there was no doubt, for John Hartlepool, Jr., was known to all the community as his sole heir-at-law. It was also soon learned that on the very morning before his death the old man had instructed his solicitor to make a will entting off his nephew with a pittance, which will was to be executed the next day, if that young sentleman would tance, which will was to be executed the next day, if that young gentleman would not in the meantime renounce his intention of marrying a young lady who was a member of a popular opera troop and took a role which was more conspicuous because of the elegance of her figure than of the quality of her vocal powers or the degree of her histrionic ability.

"Not a cent of my money shall go to a brat of a girl who makes a living by dancing." said the old man to more than a score of people, for his nephew's

than a score of people, for his nephew's infatuation for the pretty chorus girl was the one sore spot in his life. Not that Neilie Eltham cabe had not

risen to the dignity of a stage name) was a brat. She was simply an honest little girl, who, having to earn her living, was doing it in a way that nature had eminently fitted her for. When Master Jack, in a moment of unintentional frankness, had blurted out his uncle's pet objection to their marriage, she first grew red, and then as pale as snow, and ended by bursting into tears, the outbreak being so long that it was a good hour before Jack felt safe in taking his

It was known that uncle and nepher had had an interview between 5 and 6 o'clock, during which time a terrific thunder storm was raging. The elevator boy remembered that when the young man i-th the house he took the

eferator at the third story, that he was greatly excited and said something about forgetting toring for him to come up to the fifth story. He also remembered that it was raining furiously at the time, and that the thunder was so loud and constant that a pisted shot might have been fired almost at any moment during the storm unnoticed by persons in an adjoining room. It also appeared that there was an open window on the stairs on the fourth story, which window looked out into the court where the pistel was found.

One other fact remained to be learned.

window looked out into the court where the pistol was found.

One other fact remained to be learned and that was at what time the old man was killed. The nephew had left the house a few minutes before 6 o'clock. The elevator boy knew it because he had only been gone a very little while when the juniter came to relieve him for supper hour. Deceased was accustomed to take his dinner at a restaurant in the lower story of the building where he resided at 6:15 and was the soul of punctuality. "If he had been alive at 6:15, he would have been down to dinner." was the verdict of every attache and regular customer of the restaurant. No one had entered the building between the time his nephew went out and 6:15, and though several people had come down stairs and gone into the restaurant they were all ladies and regular inmates of the house.

All these facts were brought to light during the morning after the body was found, with the additional fact that John Hartlepool, Jr., had disappeared. The popular verdict was willful murder against John Hartlepool, Jr., and all the papers commenting on the case said that it was perfectly warranted and expressed a hope that the wretched youth would speedily be brought to justice.

At this stage of the case Nellie Eltham came to me.

I had instonened an office as a detect-

At this stage of the case Nellie Eltham came to me.

I had just opened an office as a detective, and the seven \$10 bills and the one
\$5 bill, which she laid upon my desk
and said were her whole savings, were
my first professional fee. She soon told
me her st ry, which was hardly necessary, for I had already read it in the
papers. When we had gone over the
story, I asked her what she knew about
the case beyond what the newspapers
had told.

"I know that Jack didn't do it," was the answer. "Why, he would not do such a thing. Why, only yesterday he said"— and she stopped suddenly in

said"— and she stopped suddenly in her rapid speech.

I suspected that she was keeping something back that I ought to know, so I impressed her with the importance of telling me everything, we reupon she repeated the pitiful story ...out the dancing and said very reluctantly that Jack had sworn that if the old man re-Jack had sworn that if the old man repeated the remark to him he would regret it. She confirmed the report that the uncle and nephew were to meet and discuss the will and the marriage. When I told her that she would be a most damaging witness if called upon at the young man's trial, as she was likely to be, she reced as if she was going to faint, but recovered herself and said that no matter what might happen she would never repeat what she had just told me. "I will die in prison first," she said in a low, steady voice. When I asked her where Jack was, she

When I asked her where Jack was, she replied that she had not the least idea. I told her that there did not seem to I would only retain \$25 of her money to pay me for attending the inquest. It seemed like robbery to take that, for I

was sure that her lover was guilty, She said she would go to her work as She said she would go to her work as usual as she must save every dollar to prove Jack's impocence. That night I went to the opera and saw her as she stood before the foodlights in all her radiant beauty and grace. It happened that at the climax of the opera the prima donna proclaimed the innocence of the stage hero, and as the words, "He is innocent," rang out, the look of triumph in Nellie's face spoke so much of faith. in Nellie's face spoke so much of faith, courage and hope, that I found myself, much against my will, beginning to be-lieve that Jack was innocent after all. But I could do nothing to help her.

The inquest was short, and nothing now was developed, and the verdict was one of willful murder against John Hartle-Three days had passed since the in-quest and nothing and been heard of the accused, although the officers were scouring the country for him, when Neilie came to me and in her quick,

curt way said:
"It was not suicide. Jack did not kill him. No one else could. It must have been an accident," "Accident," I exclaimed.

"Yes, accident," I exclaimed.

"Yes, accident," was the positive answer. "There is no other explanation, and I am going to rent the room where the old man died to try and think out

how it happened."

I tried to convince her that the idea was absurd, but she was firm in her determination. So I agreed to follow her directions, which were that I was to engage the old man's apartments for my cousin, a lady who had come to the city to study elecution, and Nellie was to occupy them forthwith. This arrangement was carried out that same

The second night after she had taken The second night after she had taken possession the people of the same flat were startled by a pistol shot and a scream. Bunning to the room whence the sounds came they found Nellie lying upon the floor in her night dress and a small pool of blood by her head.

They lifted her upon the bed which she had evidently just vacated and summenced a physician. He soon restored her to consciousness. She looked at him with a gleam of triumph and whispered. "He is innocept," and these were the last words that she spoke coherently for three weeks.

rently for three weeks.

When her disordered brain recovered its normal condition, I was summoned, and she told me her story, which was

and she told me her story, which was in substance as follows:

She had been lying awake trying to think what the solution of the mysterious killing could be, when suddenly her eye discovered several raised buttonlike knobs which ornamented the high carved wooden mantel. The light of the electric lamps in the street below shone brightly through the window and fell upon these knobs. They stood out above the woodwork of the mantel, and presently her idle thought was speculatabove the woodwork of the mantel, and presently her idle thought was speculating as to this curious freak of the architects. Certainly their purpose could not have been artistic, she reasoned. A close observer could not help remarking that they were not quite in harmony with the general design of the mantel. Suddenly she sprang out of hed and touched one of the knobs. It yielded. She received a little harder, and that She pressed a little harder, and that was all she knew until she came to ber-

self in the hospital.

To make a long story short, I went to

from the center which she had presend, so I began by pressing the first from the center. It did not move. Then I tried the second. It did not move. Then I tried the second. It did not move. Then telling the junitor to get out of harm's way I stood against the wall and presend the third knob with the handle of my came. The instant I did so the knob slipped in and the sharp report of a pietol rang out. I held the knob back while the junitor inserted the end of a poker and pushed the pistol from its fastening. We heard it when it struck the bottom of the compartment into which it fell. Safe from the pistol, we began pressing the knobs one after the other and then two at a time and found that when the first and second were pressed simultaneously they opened a cabinet in which were some money and numerous papers. Clearly here was the solution of the old man's death. He had made a mistake in trying to open the cabinet and had fallen a victim to his own ingenuity in devising a nacless protection for his valuables.

I carried the news quickly to Neille, and she sent me next haste in the news.

protection for his valuables.

I carried the news quickly to Nellie, and she sent me post haste to the newspapers with the story, for she wanted every one to know that Jack was not guilty. Her judgment was right, for the newspapers told of the discovery with abundant praise for the young girl. Jack was declared innocent and a much abused young man and was urged to return, marry the graceful, beautiful and rising operatic star and inherit his uncle's wealth, but the hope was expressed that he would not feel obliged to deprive the stage of a lady who promised to be one of its greatest ornaments.

Two weeks later, or more than six weeks after old John Hartlepool had met his fate, a cablegram came to his late address, also one to Miss Nellie. The cablegrams were dated at Liverpool and the contents were identical, being

I am all right. Will be home on first steamer, Was kidnaped and brought to Liverpool on a salling vessel.

It turned out that Jack had been mis-

It turned out that Jack had been mis-taken for an important witness in a big lawsuit and had been decoyed on board a schooner lying at a Brooklyn dock and taken forcibly to sea.

Jack returned in a few days, and of course I was present at the wedding.— O, H. Lugrin in Philadelphia Press.

THE SINGER'S TRIUMPH.

After Her Appearance at La Scala She Gave a Sample Aria.

"I was in one of the large villages in the central part of this state the other night," said the commercial traveler, "and I was forced to stay there until morning. I heard that there was a show in town, and I went up to the Grand Opera House—did you ever notice that every village in the country has a Grand Opera House?—and bought a ticket. I was greatly edified.

"The play looked to be a farce comedy from its name, but when the first act had been on for 20 minutes I found that it was one of the goriest melo-

that it was one of the goriest melo-dramas you can imagine. It was full of shooting and murders and throwing people over cliffs and all that sort of thing, and the company acted as attraciously that it was entertaining to

"Blood ran in rivers all over the stage until the last act. Then the heroine, who had had a dozen narrow escapes, and who had gone, through all sorts of difficulties, but who had all this time kept up her musical studies, made her debut at La Scala. There were two sets for that act. One represented the stage of La Scala, and the other the

greenroom. There was a big, painted audience on the back drop, and the heroine came out and pretended to sing.

"Then the supes, who were in front of the painted audience, applauded enthusiastically and great bunches of flowers were thrown at the feet of the debutents. The set was charged and the tante. The set was changed, and the heroine was seen coming into the green-room with her arms full of flowers.

room with her arms full of flowers. The man who was playing the stage manager stepped forward, shook her hand effusively and said:

""Madam, my dear madam, let me congratulate you. You have taken Milan by storm. You have sung like a nightingale. You are without doubt the greatest prima donna of the age."

"And then the 'greatest prima donna of the age' dumped her flowers on a chair, tripped down to the footlights and sung that classic ballad, 'Do, Do, My Huckleberry; Do,' and the curtain descended amid great applause."—
Buffalo Express.

A friend relates to me an incident that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of Preston 8. Brooks came to Massachusetts. It was at a spiritualistic exhibition held in the town of North Bridgewater, now the city of Brockton. A committee of citizens had been chosen from the andi-The Spirits Had Not Hoard of It.

The Change of Life.

Women nearing this critical period require strength, health, and cheerful spirits.

The sole aim of this time should be to keep well.

The invaluable aid always is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The girl about to enter wo-

manhood can find the same assistance from the same source. Mrs. W. W. Culner, Palatka, Fla., writes : -

"I was in ill health from change of life. I took your compound and am now well. I recommend it as the best remedy for all weakness

through the many changes which all women have to pass from early life to the grave."



ence to sit at the table on the platform with the medium to sak questions and otherwise represent the archience in the interest of candid investigation. Janch W. Crosby, a well known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioning. After a few introductory inquiries, to which replies were made by the regulation one, two or three rape, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world by the query, "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?"

There was no reply, and the question was repeated. Then there were some hesitating raps at the table, but it could not be determined whether the answer was in the affirmative or the negative. "You know he is dead, don't you?" shouled the committeemen.

The answer by raps was now distinctly "No."

"Well, he is, thank God," yelled Uncle Jake, who was wrought up to great excitement, as he struck the table with his penderous fist, "and you had better make a note of it."—Boston Herald.

Contrary to Directions. relier.—Have a glass of cider with

Mibbe-I can't. My physician confine me to a vegetarian dist.—Chicago Trib-ule.

Health in Old Age. dward Collinson, Queens, N. Y.

"I commonced used Brandships "I commonced used Brandships "I like the personal of the state of t

For Over Fifty Years

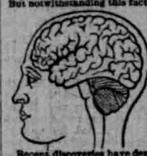
ns. Wroslow's Scottling Stutt has been user children teething. It southes the children the gume, allays all pain, carrie willis, and it the best remedy for Diarrham controllers and the best remedy for Diarrham controllers and the controllers.



MYSTERIES!

The Nervous System the Seat of Life and Mind. Recent Wonderful Discoveries.

ive is this



Recent discoveries have demo if the organs of the body are un rol of the nerve centers, loca be base of the brain, and that

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Royal Ruby Rye Whisky is free from all foreign flavor and adulterants, naturally ripened and matured by eleven years storage in wood, it is "a Rye as is a Rye," and costs no more than inferior brands. Try it and you will never be satisfied to use any other. A pure old whisky is always free from fueil oil, which is a poison, and should not be taken into the system. Age eliminates it from the spirit of cridation, and it is converted into fragrant ethers, which give the bouquet to whisky.

Whon you want a whisky for medicinal use you want it pure. Royal Ruby Rye is guaranteed pure in every pasticular, and recommended for the invalid and the convalescent. (Bottled at distillers.) \$1.25 per quart bottle. BOYAL WINE CO., Curasso. For mie by Scribner & Aldworth, druggists.

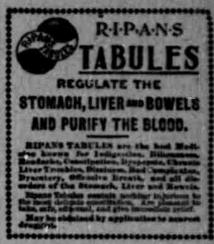
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HAVANA BROWN AND SABLE BENDS.

notice bits of color in among the dark folds. They were very taking these harmless little things, that made such a wonderful change in the black offects; and so society was encouraged to go on in the work. Very stenithily, but very surely, the color crept in; and we now see the effects of it in the we now see the effects of it in the comewhat fantastic coloring that walks out streets. One readily distinguishes the woman of taste from the woman of color only. For a knot or two will make the one and a perfect splurge of inharmonious shades will may the other.

mar the other.

That it is a season of color, one will grant when the long list of new tints is put before him. While black is still the ground-work, the sure foundation, it is so metamorphosed by brilliant ad-ditions that we view it in altogether different light than of yore. Here

able shades. Santal, a rich red brown; platine, s graviah white; cigale, true grasshop-per tint; greunde, a plum red; matelot, deep saller blue; vigne, a color that, Solomes bids us beware of; chartrense, a beautiful orange red; laurelle, a rich, deep pink; falson, a tender gray; many flower colors, as rerveine, asales, jacinthe and a host of other names, representing I know not what tirts Colors and materials are mixed in this array of names. There is peen de suede, wift and thick mohair, with long suede. soft and thick mohair, with long hairs: the Montrose, a white vigogne of great richness; the Strand, a cheviot of black ground with a figure in colors, running over; the Flamande, a fine diagonal on satin ground; Middleton, a snowy sacking, with a rough and acraggly surface; Queenstown, an Irish poplin, and Eastbourne, a crinkled armore novelty. And so we struggle among fantasies and bewildering

in Paris the rather insipid cose color is combined with many shades of green, otiorably rort russe. Here we have and pair reliew is frequently employed with soft effect. Particularly in the evening bonnet and dress is the reliew desirable. For it combines examinitely

is a slender band of feathers, falls the

ing costume.

Another is a black pointille, whose full skirt, edged with astrakhan, is very slightly draped in front. The waist fits without a wrinkle; over it falls a quaint bolero turned back in revers that hang in coquilles, fastened back with black buttons and faced with magenta satin. Over the hips a full basque falls, turning back in front after the manner of the bolero, and falling in similar coquilles, similarly faced. All the edges have the narrow

of the skirt, is pointed in front and meets over the bust. Two small intermediate puffs, on the sleeves, join the tight-fitting cuff, and the immense upper puff. Evs & Scrusser.

The J. C. Harkner Jewelry company never displayed a finer line of novelties than this season. The assortment is simost incomparable.

Partridges and quail received daily at attenthaler's, 117 and 119 Monroe

overskirt, a long, slightly gathered point of brocade, feather-edged. Short ruffles, in deep waves, fall over the sleeves. It is a dainty and very fetch-

black astrakhan, even to the plain Henry II. cuffs that finish the big

A mild overskirt is a cloth which falls within three inches of the feet. falls within three inches of the feet, showing only a narrow brocaded edge on the skirt beneath. The upper skirt is cut in narrow widths, each joined to its neighbor by an astrakhan band. The bodice is a basque, whose cloth front has been cut entirely away to make room for the rich green satin that takes its place. From the waist live down the bodice is slit in the center and embroidered at the edge. A full cloth collet, of the green vigogne of the skirt, is pointed in front and

Japanese Barnar is receiving daily goods from Japan. Something new to this country. You can buy them at your ewn price. L34 Mource street.

The J. C. Herkner Jewelry company never displayed a finer line of novelties than this season. The assertment is almost incomparable.